THE NATION

December 28, 1964 . . 35c

Journey to Understanding

FOUR WITNESSES TO A MISSISSIPPI SUMMER

BEVERLY ALLEN ASBURY
RICHARD J. BERNSTEIN
WILLIAM M. KUNSTLER
AARON O. WELLS

Introduction by HOWARD ZINN

WILLIAM BURROUGHS by Marshall McLuhan

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Johnson City, Tennessee

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LETTERS

What a cop believes

Victoria, B. C.

Dear Sirs: Paul Hoffman's article, "The Blue Backlash" (*The Nation*, Dec. 7), disturbs me. . . . For instance, he states:

> *Deputy Commissioner Walter Arm said earlier that he knew of no Birchites on the force and did not plan to look for any—virtually an open invitation to the society.*

Does Mr. Hoffman suggest that all police commissioners be encouraged to investigate the political affiliations of their officers—and dismiss those whose precise leanings do not gibe with his own? This, it would seem to me, is an open invitation to far more horrifying possibilities. . . .

Witch hunts, whether urged by the Right or the Left, should be opposed. A police officer, like a college professor, has certain duties. If he fails to perform them adequately or fairly, he should be relieved. But it is certainly dangerous to suggest that guilt by association is any more valid in one spectrum of the political scale than it is in another.

George Cuomo
Department of English
University of Victoria

Charlottesville, Va.

Dear Sirs: I read Paul Hoffman's article with interest, and not a little concern. However, police sympathy for the John Birch Society and other right-wing groups and movements should not be too surprising. . . . Policemen, like professional soldiers, are recruited very disproportionately from among "authoritarian personalities". . . whose character structure combines high conventionalism and identification with established authorities and the prevailing social system, on the one hand, with a certain attraction to violence, brutality and bossing people around, on the other. . . . *T. Peter Park*

Coexistence in Hell

Los Altos, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Not having read the book, *Last Exit to Brooklyn* (fine title that), I am in no position to evaluate Webster Schott's review of it (*The Nation*, Dec. 7), beyond saying his own excitement over the book roused my interest in a figure new to me. But no discernible connection exists between his examination of the book and his various shotgun charges against what he apparently thinks of as the literary "establishment." ("While the palefaces have gone off to Stanford or the Iowa Writers Workshop. . . .") With *successful* people like Mailer, Baldwin, Burroughs, Rechy, Updike, O'Hara and Donleavy around, it seems curious, even eccentric, to suggest a lack of literature "written from the gut," still less that it is in especial disfavor. Worse, it is depressingly provincial to attack writers indiscriminately because they occupy different circles of hell from one's favorite. It smacks too much of accepting *Time's* very own aesthetic. The bitterest work of all may yet come from the academic writers; where the best will come from, even the most astute critic cannot say.

R. D. Lakin

Rosenberg footnote

New York City

Dear Sirs: Readers of *The Nation*, many of whom must have read Fred Cook's excellent *The FBI Nobody Knows* (Macmillan) were, I regret to say . . . misinformed on the nature of my intervention in the case. In a footnote on pp. 411-12 Mr. Cook states: "The theory that the Communists wanted the conviction of the Rosenbergs and actually conspired to get it has been forcibly expounded by Irwin Edelman, a former West Coast Communist. . . ." Nowhere in anything I have written on the case have I stated or implied anything of the sort. . . . The American Communist Party and its press played an ugly part in the Rosenberg case, but the motivation was not at all what Mr. Cook assumes.

Readers of *The Nation* can get a correct summary of my views on the Rosenberg-Sobell case by reading a transcript of a forty-minute broadcast I delivered last June over radio station WBAI. I shall be glad to mail a copy to anyone in the United States, Canada or Mexico upon receipt of 25c to cover cost and postage. My address is: G.P.O. Box 463, New York, N.Y. 10001.

Irwin Edelman

A press for CORE

San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Sirs: The San Francisco Chapter of the Congress of Racial Equality (CORE) . . . has carried on the fight for equality in the streets, in the courtroom and at the conference table; it has signed dozens of agreements opening up hundreds of jobs for members of minority groups; it has succeeded in desegregating many of the large rental agencies of this city. . . .

The Public Relations Committee of our chapter is presently engaged in a campaign to raise funds to purchase an offset printing press. Faced, for the most part, with an actively hostile press, the S. F. Chapter urgently needs the means to print and publish. . . .

Checks should be made out to Public Relations Committee, S. F. CORE, and sent to San Francisco CORE, 1686 O'Farrell St., San Francisco, Calif. We will also welcome any donations of graphic arts equipment—T squares, a light table, ortho film, Artype, Phototype, etc. We are even equipped to receive a used press!

Mark Hansen
Public Relations Committee
S. F. CORE

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The Pause

Conferring in Paris on the ills of NATO, Secretary McNamara revealed that the United States and the Soviet Union already possess nuclear capacity to inflict 100 million casualties on each other in the event of war. "He indicated," the reporter writes, "he did not see much need to improve on this." To assure the Europeans that they are not being neglected, Mr. McNamara pointed to 800 U.S. intercontinental missiles targeted against the Soviet bloc; 300 Polaris missiles especially reserved for use by NATO, and hundreds of B-52 and medium bombers held in readiness for the "sole defense" of European cities and installations. If weapons bestow security, these are surely enough to quiet the apprehensions of the most nervous Europeans and Americans.

The Russians appear to be calm, too, despite their manifest inferiority in nuclear arms. According to a Washington *Star* roundup by Richard Fryklund, based in part on an analysis by Thomas W. Wolfe of the RAND Corporation, the United States now has a four-to-one lead in ICBMs, a ten-to-one lead in long-range bombers, a two-to-one edge in numbers of submarine-launched nuclear missiles. The Soviets are not trying to catch up. Why not?

The answer to that question reveals a great deal about the armaments race and presents an opportunity that may not recur. Broadly, American capitalism, operating under a permanent or at least long-term war economy, has demonstrated far greater productive capacity, in weapons and almost everything else, than has Soviet communism. Under these conditions, the Soviets are not in a position to close the military gap and at the same time meet the rising expectations of their people. They are far from impotent militarily—100 million dead or disabled Americans is not a negligible stake in the deterrence game. But is there really need for more? With the most intensive effort, Russia would need a long time to catch up, and would incur serious domestic risks in doing so. Meanwhile, the Americans could always redouble their efforts and keep the upper hand.

Nor are the American leaders inclined to press their advantage. The point of diminishing returns has been reached for both sides. In the White House, in the Pentagon, even among the more level-headed arms suppliers, the opinion is gaining acceptance that no one is going to start an all-out war deliberately. The chances of accidental nuclear war are also regarded as technologically remote. Both sides will exert local non-nuclear pressures in one place or another, but each regards the other's nuclear armaments with wholesome respect.

The area in which the armaments race will continue is research and development. But while the pause in the production of existing weapons continues, there is a chance to slacken hostility and improve the international atmosphere generally. If the Soviet Union and the United States take advantage of this opportunity, the *détente* may be extended even to the laboratory, and research eventually diverted to ends that serve life.

Speaking Out

In the November 2 *Nation* Chandler Davidson commented on the contrast between French reaction to the atrocities perpetrated by the French military in Algeria, and "the strange silence of Americans faced by similar brutalities" in South Vietnam ("America's Dirty War"). The fact is, however, that the French were silent for a long time. The spectacle of one's own countrymen engaging in atrocities in an effort to win an atrocious war is so unpleasant that people avert their eyes as long as they can. But now Americans are beginning to take a hard look at the situation in Vietnam, to feel disgust and horror and to speak out.

There is only one way to end the atrocities and the routine deaths in combat, and that is to end the war. The voices must grow louder and louder, more and more people must join in, until finally the Johnson Administration is forced to listen. An example of how to do it comes from the University of Pennsylvania, where seventy faculty members and 200 students signed an open letter to the President urging him to initiate steps toward a negotiated settlement.

In New York a call has been issued for a negotiated peace by a group including Dorothy Day, head of the Catholic Worker movement for many years; Bayard Rustin; Dagmar Wilson; Lewis Mumford; Father Dan Berrigan, S.J., and other members of the Catholic and Protestant Episcopal clergy. This group seeks to give "a public voice to the conscience of America."

Gen. Maxwell Taylor has practically admitted that military victory cannot be achieved, either by continuing operations in South Vietnam with increasingly disaffected government troops, or by extending the war to North Vietnam. The latter course is being taken in a tentative way, by operations against the Vietcong supply routes through Laos. But the importance of North Vietnamese aid to the Vietcong is grossly exaggerated in official U.S. and South Vietnamese reporting, since the one crucial fact that must be kept from the American people is that we have intervened in a civil war.

The French artists and intellectuals were largely responsible for ending the war in Algeria, but President Johnson need not fear that he would lack popular support if he took steps to act as sensibly in Vietnam as General de Gaulle did in Algeria. The latest Gallup poll shows that 50 per cent of those interrogated, or 60 per cent of those who had an opinion, felt we are handling affairs in Vietnam badly. It is time for Mr. Johnson to show leadership and make a determined effort to end a futile, squalid conflict.

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Alexander Meiklejohn

His influence was even greater than his achievements. The achievements—as educator, as social philosopher, as theorist of freedom and democracy—were deeply impressive, but his influence was incalculable. Through students and colleagues whose lives and outlook had been transformed by their association with him, his influence radiated outward in ever-widening circles. His intelligence—his capacity to illuminate—was incandescent. Well before the domestic witch hunt that accompanied the cold war got under way, he had foreseen that it would strike us and why. *What Does America Mean?*, published in 1935 by W. W. Norton, is one of the great testaments of American freedom.

Our frontier experience, he argued, had blinded us to the distinction between freedom and independence (Senator Goldwater please note), and this confusion kept us from acknowledging that we love freedom more than anything else. Our commitment is to freedom, not to independence; freedom implies an obligation to respect the freedom of others; independence is self-assertion. Because of this failure of insight, "there has come upon us, in recent years, a vivid sense of having been disloyal to our own purposes. In many ways we are obsessed by the fear of having betrayed ourselves."

The capacity to make distinctions of this sort was typical of his way of examining what appeared to be the insoluble dilemmas of democracy. The teacher's responsibility, he once wrote, had two aspects: "responsible for" and "responsible to." The teacher is responsible for the students, not to them. He is responsible on behalf of parents, but not to them. No teacher worth his salt would ever agree that the success or failure of his teaching was to be judged by what parents thought of it. Nor was the teacher responsible to the public. "More than anything else," he wrote, "the public interest of a democracy demands that its learning and teaching shall be free, shall not be subject to popular pressure or review. . . . No democracy can afford to have either its courts or its learning subject to its own whims, its caprices, its ignorance, or even its common sense." To whom, then, is the teacher responsible? "As against the truth which scholars have there is the truth for which they strive." It is rarely achieved but ". . . somehow in the very nature of the world itself there is a meaning which we seek, a meaning which is there whether we find it or not. That meaning is the final standard of our work, the measure of all we do or hope to do or fail to do. To it we are responsible."

Alexander Meiklejohn was an American idealist in whose presence "realists" and "pragmatists" seemed shortsighted and naive. His courage was intellectually and morally exhilarating. At a time when other philosophers were cashing in on the cold war by hedging their commitments to freedom, he proudly reaffirmed his commitment and thereby gave courage to the legion of the faint-of-heart. At 92, frail but indomitable, he was active in the campaign to abolish the House Committee on Un-American Activities. Last December, President Johnson awarded him the Medal of Freedom, the nation's highest civilian honor; for once the right honor was given to the right man.

Dangers of Hairsplitting

The nuclear tests which the French announce they will conduct in the atmosphere over Mururoa atoll, about 775 miles southeast of Tahiti [see editorial, *The Nation*, July 27] is already involving the U.S. State Department in a rain of political fallout.

John W. Finney reported in *The New York Times* (December 6) how the embarrassment arose. A clause in the test-ban treaty which was signed by a hundred-odd nations, including the United States and the Soviet Union, but not including France, specifies that the signatories will "refrain from causing, encouraging or in any way participating in the carrying out of any nuclear weapons explosion" in the atmosphere, under water or in outer space. Last August, the French requested permission for one of their military transports said to be carrying "naval stores" from France to Tahiti, to land in the United States for refueling. The Atomic Energy Act interdicts the transport of foreign-owned fissionable materials over our territory, but the French gave assurances that the cargo did not include such items. The State Department, eager to avoid further French-American exacerbation, did not probe further into the nature of the "naval stores," and does not to this day know whether they were for use in connection with the forthcoming test. Transit rights were granted.

Basing the decision on the domestic atomic energy law rather than on the international obligations of the test-ban treaty was an obvious piece of legal legerdemain. In plain English or French, by giving transit rights and providing fuel to an aircraft on such a mission, the United States may well have encouraged and participated in the carrying out of a forthcoming nuclear explosion in the atmosphere. In good faith, the signatories to the test-ban treaty should, so far as lies in their power, discourage tests in the atmosphere by non-signatories. If the Soviets did what we did, we should be deeply angered.

We were less permissive in a case of another sort. The French were having technical troubles with their gaseous diffusion process for producing enriched uranium. This method, originated at Oak Ridge, involves pumping a uranium gas through a porous barrier in several thousand successive stages. Any appreciable leakage is fatal. The French bought sealing devices from a Philadelphia manufacturer who had developed them privately. The Atomic Energy Commission, in line with the policy of discouraging N-power proliferation, imposed government secrecy on the devices, thus stopping their exportation. That was a few years ago, before the signing of the test-ban treaty. Now there is the more reason for not giving assistance in the Mururoa project, which everyone in the area but the French looks on with disfavor.

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Journey to Understanding

FOUR WITNESSES TO A MISSISSIPPI SUMMER

Introduction . . . . . Howard Zinn

Neither a small army of newspaper correspondents, nor all the power of the electronic mass media, has been able to convey to the country at large the reality of Mississippi. Perhaps our senses have been bludgeoned in this century by too many images; fact and fiction have become indistinguishable, and now even the starkest horrors are only scenes in a global theatre of the absurd.

So it was not only desperation, but genius, that inspired the Mississippi civil rights workers a year ago to call for help from Northern ministers, lawyers, doctors, students, teachers, laborers. Their arrival last summer meant that a line of 1,000 people would begin moving back and forth across that desert of indifference (or worse: token concern) which has always separated the rest of the nation from the Deep South. Now—except for the 150 who insisted on staying—they are back North, creating little circles of unrest wherever they move, trying to communicate, as only one living being can to another in the freshness of his own astonishment, what it was like to be in Mississippi.

Those of us who have spent some time in that state return in turmoil and in awe. It is a place that stretches ceilings to their limits. There, in one place, you find the worst and the best of this nation: malevolence matched by courage, life confronting death. What one feels most is not despair, however, but indignation, because Mississippi, unlike South Africa, is part of a nation that professes liberty. Someone returning from Hell might want to convey to the world, not the nature of the Devil, which is already known, but the fact that what he endured took place within sight of God. Those home from Mississippi try to explain to their friends why it is not enough to belabor the warped officialdom of that state and its murderous deputies, and why the citizenry must press the point of moral responsibility hardest against those in the nation who have both the knowledge of right and wrong, and the power to change the situation. That means the President of the United States and the Department of Justice. There is too little outrage in the country to waste it on less than the federal government which, tomorrow, in all legality, could begin to transform the state of Mississippi as a model of purposeful social change.

In some ways, we ought to be grateful for Mississippi. A nation needs to look at itself in the most revealing of mirrors, and Mississippi is just that for the United States—not an oddity in a glass case, but a particularly ugly reflection of the rest of the country. Because of this, the sojourn there of 1,000 Northerners could have a special value. Prodded by what they saw, they now might begin to look with new vision into the mississippian crevices back home: into the back rooms of police stations, the municipal courts and the jails, the ghettos, the factories, the unemployment offices.

Rousseau once wrote: "We have physicists, geometricians, chemists, astronomers, poets, musicians, and painters in plenty, but we have no longer a citizen among us."

Who could have dreamed up a better plan to destroy popular government than to divide us all into self-sealing occupational groups and professional societies, each diverting civic energy to its own narrow end? But last summer some uncommon common purpose brought to various Negro communities in Mississippi a New York lawyer, a California carpenter, a Southern white minister, a Negro physician, a Yale philosopher. If we keep rubbing away at the traditional lines that divide us, we may yet build a body of citizens in America powerful enough to make democracy work.

Howard Zinn is the author of The Southern Mystique *(Knopf) and* SNCC: The New Abolitionists *(Beacon).*

The Lawyer . . . . . William M. Kunstler

It is impossible for one man to analyze the feelings of others in a given situation. As one of the many lawyers who spent part of the climactic summer of '64 in Mississippi, I can speak only in the most subjective terms. I hope, though, that from my personal experience I can strike chords common to those members of the bar who, like myself, found that being a civil rights lawyer was much more than knowing statutes or understanding precedents.

Recently, I was exchanging views with one of the many young lawyers who had volunteered to serve in Mississippi. "I didn't get a chance to practice much law," he said, "but I never felt more like a lawyer in my life."

In a phrase, this probably best expresses the feelings of every out-of-state attorney who responded to the call of the National Lawyers Guild and the Lawyers Constitutional Defense Committee for legal help for the Council of Federated Organizations last summer. The opportunity to participate usefully in a profound social revolution more than made up for the limited access to its courts permitted by the state of Mississippi. And no lawyers ever had finer clients than the hundreds

William M. Kunstler, author of The Case for Courage, Beyond a Reasonable Doubt *and other books, teaches at New York Law School and Pace College. He is chairman of the legal advisory committee of COFO and one of three attorneys representing the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party*

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of COFO volunteer and staff workers who conducted the voter-registration drives, ran the community centers or taught in the Freedom Schools.

In all reason, the practice of law in Mississippi should have been depressing. Lawyers look upon the courts with a respect born out of centuries of the common law, and it came as a bitter surprise that the judicial system of the Magnolia State is quite unable to be impartial in cases involving Negroes. Prisoners of the system, its judges and jurors are not free, in the context of race, to apply the law without fear or favor. The result is a total perversion of justice.

Yet despite the obvious hopelessness of every such case in which I was involved I found that, far from becoming morose, I was moved and exhilarated. The judge who valued his membership in the White Citizens Council more than he did his oath of office, the frankly prejudiced jurors, the openly hostile court attendants—none of them really counted because they were only temporary barriers on a broad highway that led inevitably to the triumph of morality. To survive as a human being, one had only to look beyond them to the road ahead.

But it took me some time to attain this spiritual resilience. In August of 1961, as I waited for the jury in the first Freedom Rider case to return its verdict, I was certain that it could not find a man guilty of breaching the peace who had done nothing more criminal than quietly ride a bus. I can still remember the paralyzing shock I felt when that all-white jury, in violation of every concept of American jurisprudence, arrived at a decision in which racism overrode the Constitution of the United States.

Three years later, I had come to realize that victories were not always triumphs, that a state of mind could mean more than a jury verdict. This ability to surmount "what is" by contemplating "what shall be" is, I am sure, the result of a metamorphosis that had taken place in me, both as a lawyer and as a man.

But Mississippi has done more than implant in me some philosophical shock absorbers. It has taught me that, to be a surrogate to the movement, one has to be a member of it in every sense of the word. In other words, the lawyer no more and no less than the Freedom School teacher or the voter-registration canvasser, possesses a skill which must be put to use in pursuit of the mutual goal.

In private practice, the lawyer is a detached being who views the conflicts that swirl about him as laboratory problems to be solved by the arts of his ancient profession. He is the ringmaster who, by the toot of his whistle or the snap of his whip, brings order out of chaos. For this performance, he expects and receives recognition in the form of money and prestige.

But the movement lawyer, once he has acclimated himself to the demands and dimensions of his new practice, sees a horizon utterly different from the one that defined his activities back in New York City or Chicago. He is activated, not by the promise of fame and fortune, but by the sharing of a common cause with those he represents.

The transformation does not come overnight. I can still recall with shame my earnest recommendation to a brother attorney during the Freedom Rider trials that he not address our clients at a mass meeting. "A lawyer must remain aloof," I told him. "If we become emotionally involved in our clients' problems we will not be able to be dispassionate courtroom advocates."

Three years later I realized that I was playing a fool's game and that my advice was worse than worthless. No member of a great social movement can remain untouched by the forces that drive it. When Clarence Darrow left his lucrative job as general counsel to the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad to defend Debs and his American Railway Union, his resignation was testimony that attorneys who would serve humanity rather than individual clients must do so with their hearts as well as their heads.

There is, of course, more to lawyering in Mississippi than exultation. The need to adapt legal principles, which are hardly geared to urgency, to the swiftly moving panorama of COFO activities was a most compelling challenge. The dynamics required to meet arrests in McComb, an injunction in Belzoni and a rash of unjustified traffic offenses in Greenwood, all occurring within hours of one another, confound prior experience.

Yet lawyers who had known only the leisurely pace of commercial practice quickly accustomed themselves to an emergency program of legal assistance. I can remember sitting in a Negro restaurant in

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Jackson one evening as the various attorneys came in from the field. Their vivid tales of drawing writs of *habeas corpus* in speeding cars, or of roaming through the back roads in search of Negro property owners willing to go bond, were the measure of their transformation.

Mississippi in the summer of 1964 was the catalyst of a growing awareness that the law does not exist in a vacuum but is grounded in life. The young men and women who offered their bodies as a witness to the attainability of a just society shamed the American bar into standing beside them. For generations lawyers had looked aside while Negroes in the Deep South had been systematically dehumanized. All in the name of the law, black men had been driven away from the polls, segregated out of community life, forced back into a slavery every bit as intense as that which had theoretically been lifted from them 100 years earlier. Yet the legal profession uttered not one word of collective protest.

That lawyers should have ignored the plight of the Negro is the bitterest of paradoxes, for lawyers have a special obligation to create and preserve the equality on which our entire system of jurisprudence is expressly founded. On courthouse friezes across the land is engraved some form of the motto: "Equal Justice Under Law."

The law did not change in Mississippi last summer, but the lawyers who journeyed there did. All of us, suddenly and starkly conscious that we had failed in one way or another to live up to the solemn responsibilities of our profession, were grateful for the chance to justify our existences. What had started out as an adventure for many of us had abruptly changed into the lesson of our lives.

When I reflect today on my own involvement, I do not think of the courtrooms, the clerks' offices or the judges' chambers. I think of the young college girl manning the Jackson end of the WATS telephone line which brought news, good and bad, from the projects in the field. Or of the California carpenter pounding nails into the roof of a half-finished community center in Mileston. Or of the law student from New York being beaten to the ground by a Philadelphia ruffian.

I no longer know where the movement ends and the law begins. In fact, for me now there is no significant dividing line. The movement has given my life heightened meaning and purpose. In return, I have put at its disposal all the energies I possess. I hope that the exchange is not too greatly in my favor.

The Minister . . . Beverly Allen Asbury

Hundreds of clergymen of every faith have been to Mississippi in the past year. Almost all of them tell the same story, and I assume that, speaking for myself, I speak for many of them as well. However, I do not want to write about Mississippi; I want, rather, to tell what happened to me as a result of going to Mississippi. And before doing that, I must relate something of what was involved in my going.

Speaking before groups in recent months about my experiences in Mississippi, I have often started by presenting a "set of credentials." These have nothing to do with the experience itself but they bear significantly on my reasons for going, and they influenced my reactions when I returned North. I was born in Georgia and educated in the public schools there and at the state university. My family accepted segregation and taught their children to accept it. The training was more by attitude and act than by word. While most of the members of my family could be called "moderates," there was never any doubt that they felt segregation to be the proper system for the South. We had a Negro maid, a Negro cook, a Negro yard keeper; we even had occasional Negro playmates, until we went into the first grade. In our middle-class family we learned courtesy and politeness, but we never questioned our superiority to anyone of dark skin.

Once we were in school, we seldom saw Negroes of our own age. The only ones with whom I had contact were the servants around our home and the employees in my father's business. It now seems incongruous that we were able to love (within limits) those whom we knew personally, yet despise all those whom we did not know; but when I lived in this segregated system, I accepted it and believed in it —insofar as I thought about it at all.

My ideas began to change soon after I entered the University of Georgia. World War II had just ended and the place was overflowing with veterans. Those were unusual college days, and movements and organizations in the entire South were undergoing their first great changes in generations. Almost by accident, I became involved in the Student Christian Movement and, as a freshman, was invited to attend a conference in Atlanta where certain aspects of student Christian life across the South would be reorganized. When we arrived in Atlanta, we went to Morehouse College, and I mark my arrival there as the beginning of my slow evolution to a new life and a new perspective.

At this outstanding Negro college, I encountered Negro youths of my own age. I was assigned a room with two Negro students, and found that they were as intelligent, as human, as concerned as I. In a matter of hours, many of the stereotypes and fears of the segregated society collapsed. The water in their drinking fountains was like the water in fountains marked "white"; I caught no diseases using their toilets.

The agenda at Atlanta had to do with desegregation of the Student Christian Movement over the South. The conference introduced and educated me to the aspirations of the Southern Negroes of the postwar generation. The logic of their position and the appeal of their convictions seemed to me nothing less than what Christianity required.

Other things over the next few years altered my thinking. In junior year, I entered the Junior Orations and advocated the admission of Negro students to the University of Georgia—ten or twelve years before such an admission actually took place. During those same years it seemed to me, as it does now, that the church is one of the key institutions that must work to further the ends of social justice and human brotherhood. Despite what some of my Southern friends choose to think, my convictions in this regard were formed before I

Beverly Allen Asbury is pastor of the Westminster Presbyterian Church and pastor to the College of Wooster, both in Wooster, Ohio.

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ever attended Yale Divinity School. In other words, when I left the South for the first time, I had already become an "integrationist."

The first three and a half years of my ministry were spent in a small town in eastern North Carolina. My relationship with the people in that community was good, although they knew my views. However, after the Supreme Court decision of 1954 and its implementation in 1955, things became more difficult, especially when several of us "younger ministers" openly advocated compliance with the desegregation decision. For a number of reasons, I finally felt called upon to move to Missouri in 1956. I say all this simply to establish the point that what I believe I have believed in the South; that what I speak I have spoken in the South; that what I practice I have practiced in the South. I still love the South. I respect and admire many of my friends who are in the South and who minister there under constant pressure and harassment. I have never felt that a Christian could do other than love those who through segregation deny love to others. However, as a Christian, as an American and as one raised in the South, I feel that the South is profoundly wrong in its racism, and that its racism has distorted the Christian message both in the life of the church and in society at large. I am no longer able to live and work in the South if it means soft-pedaling these convictions.

I have been outside the Deep South for the past eight years, first in Missouri and now in Ohio, and working for racial justice wherever I've been. As president of the Ministerial Alliance in a St. Louis suburb, I worked with other ministers and with CORE to achieve the desegregation of restaurants and public facilities in that community of 30,000. Last winter, when the United Presbyterian Church's Commission on Religion and Race became involved in Hattiesburg, Miss., an official of the denomination asked me if some of the ministers in Ohio would visit Mississippi to show our church's ongoing concern for the rights of all men. Another minister and I decided to go, as representatives of our Synod and our denomination. The Presbytery of Wooster, of which I am a member, acted through its General Council to support my decision and to stand ready with bond money if I were jailed. I had not expected such action, but it was a great support when our turn came to leave for Hattiesburg at the end of February.

This was a journey into a strange land which was not so strange after all. It was *not* strange because it was where I had been born, raised and educated. It *was* strange because, psychologically, morally and theologically, it stands at the opposite pole from where I now live. This land strikes one as strange because the only song one hears is for a war that was lost, for a day that is gone (if it ever existed), for a people who have died (if they ever lived). This land hopes to share in the prosperity and progress of a great and powerful nation, but it becomes foreign soil when it rejects the consensus of understanding of freedom, justice and fair play. This land threatens and intimidates; its ideology is fixed, and it closes out anyone who would dissent. The land that gave me life, I suddenly saw, would reach out and take that life away—for the sole reason that I was a traitor to the "holy cause of segregation."

The trip into this land reopened the past for me. I saw more clearly than I had in a number of years how the orthodoxy of segregation twists and perverts the minds of its young. I saw how the militancy of the armies of the Ku Klux Klan and the White Citizens Council silences or crushes those who dare to raise a voice of opposition. I witnessed again the easy acquiescence of the clergy in a pattern which they dared not challenge lest they sacrifice their "world." Much more significantly for me, for the first time I stayed in what we were taught as children to call "nigger town." I found that among the Negro people there were voices of dissent which echoed the voices that had come from within me in my later experiences of the South.

And as I walked around the Forrest County Courthouse in Hattiesburg, I found two symbols. One was the Confederate monument, the Forrest County pillar of salt, the spirit of segregation, stale, static and lifeless. But in the middle of that lawn was also the American flag, at first tattered and torn, but later in the week replaced by a new Stars and Stripes, representing for the Negro people of that community, more certainly than the crosses on the white churches just a few blocks away, the hope of the future for themselves and their children. At night, I discovered in church the real meaning of the Christian gospel—not in the white churches (if there be such a thing), but in the Negro churches, in the churches no "self-respecting" Hattiesburg white man would dare to visit. But if he dared, he might have found there, as I did, the genuine humanity which the incarnation of God in Jesus Christ discloses. Perhaps the Old Testament stories of Moses would have taken new meaning for him as they did for me when the people sang, *Set My People Free!*

As I heard the Negro people of Hattiesburg talk and sing, I went through an experience not unlike the one at Morehouse College some eighteen years earlier. This time it was not a matter of breaking down stereotypes and beginning to build convictions. Rather, it was an opportunity to put new personal content into already expressed convictions in word and action. It was an opportunity to come back and talk to students and adults throughout Ohio about what was going on in a section of our land. It was a time to remind Christians that there is "one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of us all."

If I had ever felt that those going into the South to witness for racial justice were "outside agitators," I felt that way no longer. While I had the "credentials" to speak as a "Southerner," I knew that one did not need them to have the right to speak. I cannot accept the notion of anyone's being an "outsider." Anyone who allows that label to deter his involvement must face the question posed by Father Ricardo Fontana in Rolf Hochhuth's *The Deputy*: "Let us admit at last; these flames are also *our* trial by fire! Who will, in times to come, respect us still as moral arbiters if in *this* time, we fail so miserably?" That is the question that must be asked as Mississippi churches burn.

After coming back from a week in Mississippi, I was, and continue to be, invited to speak before a great number of groups, both inside and outside the church. I've encountered some hostility, but overwhelmingly the attitude has been an open-minded interest and eagerness to learn. Some of my friends and acquaintances in the South

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have criticized me because I was willing to go back, but seemingly unwilling to go back to live. But many here in this college community feel that I represented them in an important witness. Since March, a large number of Ohio clergymen have made trips, and now almost every area of our state has been represented in Hattiesburg, Jackson, McComb, Canton and elsewhere. Students from Wooster, Oberlin and many other colleges went to Mississippi for the Council of Confederated Organizations' Summer Project. Professors and ministers from this area have come back deeply impressed and have joined in the local witness to the cause of human rights. Together, we are creating a new climate of concern, compassion and commitment. We find that many people are moved because our words have been backed up by our actions. And the interest we arouse is being translated, not only into new forms of action in the South, but into new dialogues in our own cities and churches.

All this has affected me in a good many ways. First, by going to Mississippi I have become more involved in the activities for racial justice in the state of Ohio. I have taken a more active and leading role within the cities of our Presbytery and in developing a Presbytery program which is well under way and producing good results. I have become better trained in the problems of and possibilities for residential desegregation and fair housing. I have found new friends, new allies, and I have discovered the effective centers of opposition to an open and equitable society. I know anew that changes do not occur unless you organize to create the conditions for change. Through membership on the new Ohio Synod Commission on Religion and Race I have met leaders of both races from every area of the state, and together we find that what we discovered about our nation, our faith, our churches and ourselves by going to Mississippi helps bind us together in a new commitment and understanding here.

Second, I find that something important has happened in the life of the congregation I serve and the campus to which I minister as a result of my having gone to Mississippi. And my experience has become a point of contact with those who are interested in human rights,

Drawings by Tomi Ungerer

but who for various reasons stand outside the life of the church. Before going to Mississippi, I discussed the venture with the officers of the church and with the congregation. A majority of the officers voted to support me, and stated their conviction that by taking part in this witness I was participating in a ministry of our congregation and denomination. In other words, I was given the time and the endorsement to go and to stand for them at this significant juncture in our national history. Not everyone in the church agreed with the officers, but within the church, and outside it, so many people approved what I was doing that sufficient money was contributed to offset almost all my expenses. The church has lost no members, and we seem not to have suffered financially, or in any of the other statistical ways about which so many church members seem to be concerned. On the contrary, we have discovered a deepening of our life together and a greater understanding of why the church exists and what its mission is in and to the world.

Just a few weeks ago, I presented some of my concerns before a meeting of our congregation. I asked those present how they would feel if I were called upon again to represent the church in Mississippi. I told them that I had received one such call and had decided after a great deal of soul searching not to go. I went on to say that I was certain other calls would come and that I should feel the duty to respond immediately and positively to some of them. I asked how they would react if in an emergency I decided I must go without waiting to consult anyone.

Quite a few people spoke up; and some who were silent then, came to me privately later. Not one person asked me not to go South again. Rather, there was an overwhelming feeling in our church—expressed clearly and unequivocally by retired ministers and missionaries and their wives, students, faculty members and their wives, professional people from the town and others—that any such decision would be both trusted and supported. These people astounded me with their concept of the church as a community that exists for mission and *is* mission. They wanted it expressed in their pastor's life as well as in their own lives. I know now what I did not know before, that when the time comes for me to go to Mississippi again, I shall have the backing of close to 90 per cent of the congregation and the college community. So one of the things that has happened to me is to experience what I never experienced when I lived in the South—a community of support, encouragement and commitment. I have now met a people who ask not quantity of a minister's time but quality of leadership in a significant and relevant ministry.

Third, something has happened to my theological thinking as a result of the trip to Mississippi. Nearly twenty years ago at the University of Georgia I started considering the Christian ministry from a real concern for human beings. Later I found a theology to express that concern and to give it definition. Later still, perhaps, theological considerations somewhat replaced the human concern, but Mississippi

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brought me back to people again and helped me put the theological understanding in a new perspective. The "established" churches I saw in Mississippi, and many of the "established" churches I see in the North, can be described only as religious ghettos. They have to be endured with a great deal of fatigue and boredom, and if I were faced with the attitude which exists in so many of them, I doubt that I could "go to church." I see in them too much of a desire to evangelize the world only when it will yield a direct return to the church in increased membership and financial contributions. The established church I saw in Mississippi holds itself aloof from the world, and the established church I see in Ohio and elsewhere too often refuses to risk itself for the sake of the world.

What I saw caused me to turn, as I turned years before, to an understanding of Jesus. My present theological mood looks increasingly to this Man, the "Man-for-Others." I look to Him as the paradigm of my faith, as the one who gives Himself to suffer at the hands of a godless world precisely out of love for that world. The church must use the persuasion and power of love to bring about reconciliation at every level of human and national life. It must pay whatever the price may be to create a faithful and effective structure for the alleviation of every human need. When it becomes the Church of Jesus Christ, it can do no other than follow its Lord into the suffering of those who cannot cry out for themselves. From my experience in Mississippi and from all the experiences which preceded it, I realize again that God can be known only through what Bonhoeffer called the participation "in the sufferings of God at the hands of a godless world."

No white person can speak for the Negro, describe what he feels, or tell what he wants. I know that I don't have the "credentials" to do that. But I have the "credentials" to identify with what the Negro tells us about himself. I have the "credentials" to stand with him—as a brother. I also learned that again, by going to Mississippi. And I learned that every human being has those "credentials." It is just that he must use them.

The situation in Mississippi last summer was fully reported, but the press did a good deal to distort what actually took place. The incidents judged noteworthy were those of violence and intimidation. In part, the Council of Federated Organizations was also responsible for playing up this aspect of the situation. Violence is nothing new in Mississippi, but for the first time the national spotlight was focused on it. However, the real heart of the project hardly ever hit the news; that was the day-to-day interaction between COFO workers and the Negro community working together for a common cause. Furthermore, the significance of the experience for the doctors, ministers, lawyers and others who went to participate, or just to see the project in operation, cannot be underestimated. My few days in Mississippi last summer were among the most intense, vital and meaningful in my life. And my experience was certainly not unique. Almost everyone I have met who spent some time in Mississippi, no matter how brief, came away with a similar feeling. This project did as much for the participants as for civil rights. It re-educated us about what civil rights really are. And through those who participated and observed, the spirit of the project is spreading across the country.

Many of us, even those who have been most sympathetic to the civil rights movement, have had their doubts about the value of such activities as the Mississippi Summer Project. First, there have been questions about the response of the Negro community itself. We may not accept the "official" Mississippi position that the Negroes are basically content with their lot and that all the trouble is being stirred up by outside agitators, but there is a more sophisticated version of the same argument. After all, isn't it true that the Negroes of Mississippi have been so intimidated that they lack the necessary consciousness and drive to achieve genuine freedom and equal rights? Isn't it true that a "slave mentality" still prevails among these Negroes, and that the hard-core leadership in COFO, especially SNCC, is responsible for the agitation? Of course, there is a determined, aggressive and militant leadership among Negro youth and without it little would have been achieved. But the most impressive

The Educator . . . Richard J. Bernstein

In the early fifties, when I started teaching at Yale, there was a general uneasiness among the politically liberal members of the faculty. The lament at that time centered upon the state of mind of the students. They seemed intimidated by, or indifferent to, the poisoned atmosphere created by McCarthy, they were "out for themselves," lacked a developed social conscience, were without a cause. Many of the liberal teachers — the attitude was characteristic of campuses throughout the country—were nostalgic for the thirties. That had been a time of heated political discussion, with students in the thick of radical movements. Why wasn't this generation of students more like what we had been (or like what we conceived ourselves to have been)?

There was an element of bad faith in this pose. Besides romanticizing and exaggerating the effectiveness of the radical past, it betrayed an unwillingness and inability to come to grips with new political realities. It was a time when liberals, of whatever generation, were seized by political impotence. They talked about the ills of modern society and were vociferous in decrying the forms of alienation and estrangement, but when it came down to what to do, they offered few concrete proposals.

In the decade since then, the outlook of American youth has changed dramatically. Out of a generation that never knew the depression, out of a generation nurtured on the myth of American affluence, has emerged a group sensitive to social injustice, committed to do something about it, and with a good practical sense of what must be done. I believe that the influence of this group is far greater than its numbers, and that their activity is re-educating America, reawakening our social conscience, and most important, pointing the way toward effective social action. It is from this perspective that we can begin to appreciate the value of the Mississippi Summer Project.

Many of us, even those who have been most sympathetic to the civil rights movement, have had their doubts about the value of such activities as the Mississippi Summer Project. First, there have been questions about the response of the Negro community itself. We may not accept the "official" Mississippi position that the Negroes are basically content with their lot and that all the trouble is being stirred up by outside agitators, but there is a more sophisticated version of the same argument. After all, isn't it true that the Negroes of Mississippi have been so intimidated that they lack the necessary consciousness and drive to achieve genuine freedom and equal rights? Isn't it true that a "slave mentality" still prevails among these Negroes, and that the hard-core leadership in COFO, especially SNCC, is responsible for the agitation? Of course, there is a determined, aggressive and militant leadership among Negro youth and without it little would have been achieved. But the most impressive

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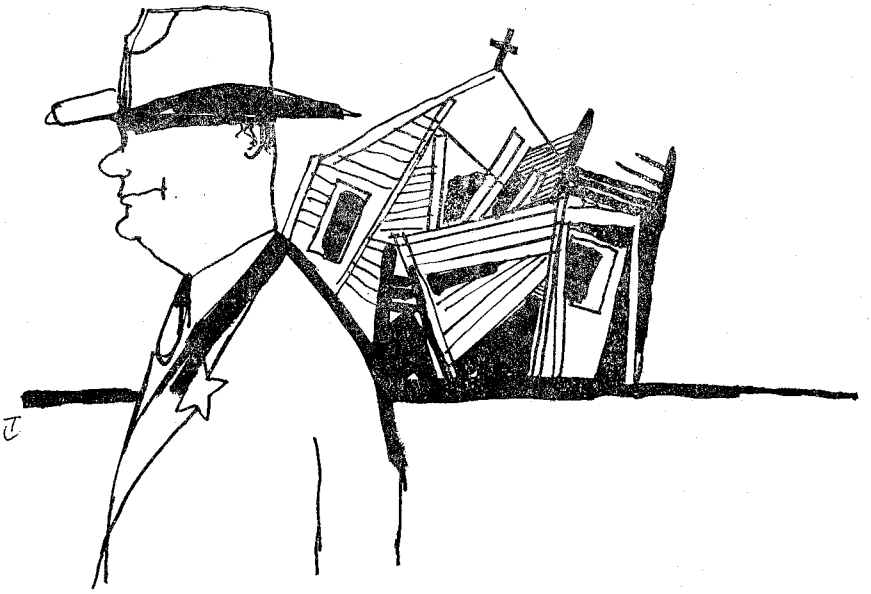
accomplishment of the summer was the positive response of the Negro community in its entirety. The so-called uneducated Negroes whom I met were articulate, self-respecting and courageous. Many spoke of democracy, freedom and rights in a far more meaningful and vital way than the cliché-ridden talk so characteristic of our political discourse. One couldn't help feeling that these Negroes, who have been systematically denied the benefits of the democratic community, had an astonishingly acute grasp of the meaning of democracy and the ideals on which this country was founded.

True, the COFO workers reached only a small segment of the Negro population, but the numbers of those who identified with the freedom movement were constantly growing. The pattern of response was typical—it moved from initial fear, suspicion or indifference toward positive, active participation. The Mississippi project would never have gotten off the ground if the Negroes themselves had not been willing to risk their jobs, property and lives. It was they who found the churches and other buildings for the Freedom Schools and community centers, who attended the schools in the oppressive summer heat, who took the COFO workers into their homes. The courage that this required can scarcely be estimated: every Negro who became identified with the freedom movement was risking economic and physical reprisal. In Mississippi there is no sanctuary for the Negro; the "law" is not a source of protection but the chief instrument of intimidation and persecution.



Everyone who was down in Mississippi will have his own stories to illustrate what I have been saying. When I first arrived there, I was told that the best way to find out what was going on was to join in the daily activities of the COFO workers. I went to Hattiesburg where the entire project was functioning with great success (more than 600 Negroes were attending Freedom Schools and more than 4,000 were registered in the Freedom Democratic Party in a city with a total population of 40,000). Within fifteen minutes of arriving in the Hattiesburg office, I was sent out to help with voter registration. The first precinct meetings of the Mississippi FDP were to be held the next day and our task was to get last-minute registrations and to tell everybody we saw to come to the meeting. I was taken to Morningstar Baptist Church, the headquarters for Eaton precinct of Forrest County. The COFO worker in charge, a white student from California, sent me out with a 14-year-old Negro boy, one of a group of local kids who were working with COFO on the drive. At first I was a bit apprehensive (a worker had been beaten up in this neighborhood a few days before) and I wondered how my guide was going to handle the job. But when I heard him deliver his "pitch," talk about freedom and what it would mean for Negroes to vote, chide his elders when they were hesitant to sign up, I was overwhelmed by his articulateness, earnestness, native intelligence and humor. And this boy was typical of a growing number who were working in the freedom movement. Talking with him, watching him function, I realized that there is no going back in Mississippi—these adolescents simply will not accept what their parents have accepted.

After a day of voter registration, those of us who worked along with the regulars began to identify with the precinct, and we looked forward to the meeting next day. It was the culmination of weeks of work, and there was something approaching the nervousness of an "opening night" when it was called to order at 4 o'clock of a sweltering Saturday afternoon. For the COFO workers this meeting was a test of what they had achieved. It was the point, they felt strongly, at which the local Negroes had to take over. Would they show up for the meeting? Would they make a mess of it? That meeting turned out to be one of the most impressive political gatherings that I have ever attended. Following parliamentary procedures, the session opened with a benediction, a keynote address, the democratic nomination and election of a permanent chairman and secretary, and proceeded to pass resolutions and appoint delegates to attend the district meeting. As the woman who was chairman said, we were all a little nervous because this sort of thing had never been done before in Mississippi. It was the first political meeting open to everybody who wanted to come. Whenever in future I think of what democracy can mean in the concrete, the image of that meeting in Eaton precinct will come to mind.

But what about the COFO workers themselves? Who were these people who came from all over the country to work with the Negro community? Again and again, one heard from white Mississippians (who had no contact with the workers) that they were "beatniks, weirds and degenerates." Even in the North, I have heard similar appraisals. After all, weren't they in it for kicks, for a little adventure? It is important to keep in mind that a substantial proportion of the summer volunteers were not college students, but teachers and other professionals committed to the civil rights struggle. And every COFO worker in Mississippi was risking his life. There were some

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"fringe" people in the project, but I came to feel that the great majority of workers were perceptive and level-headed. They had an acute sense of the dangers of the situation and of what they could honestly achieve. They were neither rabble rousers nor starry-eyed idealists. They were idealists, but idealists without illusions. Many of them were living in primitive conditions and a good deal of their work was drudgery. In many places they lived under constant harassment, with no opportunity to let off steam or to escape the constant pressure. Yet, despite the discomfort and the tensions, they performed their tasks efficiently and intelligently, with even a healthy sense of humor.

I returned from Mississippi convinced that this sort of project — working directly with the Negro community in a program of self-help — is one of the most important activities in the entire civil rights movement. The great insight of the COFO workers was that help must be genuine help. It cannot be paternalistic, for that only offends the dignity of the Negroes. It can work — and it is working — when one is willing to move in with and function directly with the Negro community. One of the few times in my life when I could meet Negroes, not as Negroes but as men, was when I was in Mississippi. I was constantly struck by the warmth, affection and sense of common purpose that united the COFO workers and the Negro community. It is still a frightening possibility that the civil rights movement will some day turn blacks against whites. If this doesn't happen, it will be because of projects like that in Mississippi last summer. For many Negroes it was the first time that they had ever encountered whites who neither despised them nor intended to "save" them, but who rather respected them as persons. But one could detect even in Mississippi a difference between some of the SNCC leaders, in whom there is a great deal of bitterness for anything "white," and the adolescents who were at once more naive and more open to the friendship of the white COFO workers.

Even if one is willing to grant all this, however, there is still one more myth to be faced. Wouldn't it be better to let up, to give Southern moderates a chance to improve the local situation? Hasn't the presence of all these "outsiders" jeopardized the situation of the moderates and played into the hands of extremists? There is no doubt that the white community was annoyed and irritated by the influx of civil rights workers dur-

DREAM IN A BEAN FIELD

The authors of this letter are two Los Angeles carpenters who raised the money and contributed their skills to build a 32-x-84' community center for Mileston, Miss., an all-Negro community that is otherwise entirely without recreational or cultural facilities. They were helped by Tom Edland, a Negro electrician from Chicago, and by the local residents.

The center is now being run by Mr. and Mrs. Lorenzi, a white couple, and by Mrs. Lewis, a retired Negro schoolteacher. It is used for movies and plays (Free Southern Theatre Group), for teen-age dances, classes for younger children, a permanent Freedom School and a health clinic run by a volunteer registered nurse from New York. As the letter mentions, there is a small library and more books are urgently needed.

This integrated project has roused the hostility of whites in the region. In addition to more serious incidents mentioned in the letter, the center is harassed in petty ways: during construction, suppliers' trucks sometimes refused to unload when they saw whites and Negroes working together. The building is equipped with a modern heating plant, but local suppliers will not deliver canned gas. On a recent visit, Mr. Osheroff installed a wood-burning stove for temporary use. The building is guarded every night by armed men, a fact well known to the whites of the region.

Mileston, Miss.
Sept. 5, 1964

Dear Friends: Please forgive us for not writing sooner. The tempo of work, the extreme heat and humidity, and general conditions of life here, have not been conducive to letter writing. But finally here we are.

In the middle of a bean field, deep in the heart of the Delta, a dream is coming true. A lovely building has arisen in the past six weeks, a sharp contrast to the adjacent church and farmhouse. The roof and outer walls are complete, and we are now working on the interior. It is already in operation: three teen-age dances have been held, and not long ago we had a county-wide Freedom meeting to which 250 people came from 20 to 30 miles away. It was a great jubilee, a source of pride and joy for all concerned.

The building has an assembly hall for 200 people, a library for 10,000 volumes, bathrooms and kitchen with running water, a medical clinic and sleeping quarters for some of the staff. Six will live there on a year-round basis.

It was hard. We suffered from heat, humidity and harassment. One of our cars was fire bombed, a dynamite bomb was exploded 30 feet from our building site. Local volunteers were threatened. But the project has become a center of community life, a beacon of hope and love, in a sea of oppression and hatred. So vital indeed, that the community has mounted an armed guard to protect the center every night. It would have brought tears of happiness to your eyes to have witnessed our Roof-Raising Ceremony, which closed with 200 people locking arms and swaying to the beautiful chant, *We Shall Overcome*. All the sweat and toil, the fear and the tension, the sleepless nights and the crudities of daily life—all paled in the bright light of love and pride which filled our hearts. What a joy!

By Southern California standards our life would seem bleak and empty. No running water, no toilets, no ordinary amusements; nothing but simple, semi-literate, down-to-earth, wonderful black people, who surround us with love and respect. We live with Hartman Turnbow, a legend in Mississippi, a real man. In May, 1963, after he attempted to register, his home was fire bombed at 3 A.M., and while his wife and daughter fought the fire with water buckets, he held off four armed men. The next day, he went to the sheriff to report the incident and was arrested for arson. He went to jail, but was finally freed on appeal. And now we share his home, his food, his courage and wisdom and his daily peril. It is a deep and vitalizing experience. He may come to Los Angeles this winter and then you will have the opportunity to share him with us.

Our deep gratitude, and that of a small host of freedom fighters for helping make our vision a reality. Soon we shall tell you all about it.

Abe Osheroff
Jim Boebel

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ing the summer. But in Mississippi the moderates are intimidated by extremist elements. And there will be significant progress only when the more responsible element is willing to risk speaking out. No doubt the national publicity, the influx of COFO workers, doctors, lawyers and others has riled native white Mississippians, but it is just this sort of stimulus that will cause the more rational elements in the "closed society" to open it up. Although progress is painfully slow, it continues to be made.

Still one may ask, why all the attention on Mississippi? Don't we have race problems in our own backyards? I have never been able to see that the existence of prejudice, hypocrisy and *de facto* segregation in one's local community is an argument against participating in something like the Mississippi project. On the contrary, I think we have all learned something from Mississippi. Too often we become jaded in the face of social injustice or despair of doing anything about it. The civil rights workers have helped to arouse our sense of injustice; they have taught us that there is something that each man can and must do. Those of us who went to Mississippi returned home with a greater awareness of the need for local work and a better appraisal of what can be accomplished. And this new spirit, which is spreading across the country, is affecting attitudes toward other deeply ingrained social ills. We all owe a great debt to these civil rights workers. They have forced us to take seriously our own professed ideals about democracy, freedom and the rights of man.

The Doctor . . . . . Aaron O. Wells

One evening early last June, I received an urgent call from a colleague and lifelong friend to attend a meeting, mostly of physicians, that had been called to answer a request for emergency medical aid for civil rights workers in Mississippi. The original appeal had come from persons working in the voter-registration summer project. I was unable to attend that first session, but assured my friend that I would be available for the next one.

The first meeting I attended made a tremendous impression on me. I listened to determined and enthusiastic discussion from twenty to thirty persons who sought a program to meet the needs of volunteer workers. (Once in the field, it expanded to consider the health, not only of the freedom workers, but of those whom the workers had gone South to help.) A number of the participants were personally involved, in that they had sons and daughters active in the summer project. We were concerned that here again, in a situation primarily involving Negroes, Negroes were a minority of those seeking solutions to the problems. In less than a week we had decided that the request could be met, and I volunteered to serve with the group, which at that time was so new it had no name.

Four physicians were selected as an advance committee to confer in Mississippi with leaders of the Council of Federated Organizations, the National Council of Churches and other leaders in the state. Their task was to determine how our medical presence in Mississippi could be made most effective. They returned with an enthusiastic report, and we assigned medical teams to initiate the program. Before the first team entered Mississippi, this nucleus of dedicated persons found a name—the Medical Committee on Human Rights.

Looking back, I realize that I was slow to decide how I could best serve these obviously dedicated people. A woman colleague whose opinion I have always held invaluable was one of the original members, and her enthusiasm and interest influenced me. Then, too, I had asked my wife, who is a registered nurse, to represent me at an early meeting. Her immediate reaction was to enlist in the project, and soon thereafter she was in Mississippi as the nurse with a medical team.

The response of these two women forced me to consider very seriously my own level of participation. I asked myself whether financial contributions to the various civil rights organizations was sufficient. Would attendance at conferences and occasional health lectures in the context of civil rights fulfill my moral obligation to my people? I decided that these responses were not enough, that I must go to Mississippi.

In the first days there were numerous consultations in New York to secure the approval of the civil rights leadership. At the same time, we were working out a tentative health program which would be applicable to the overall situation, yet flexible enough to meet the needs of each community to be visited. Long hours were spent on the telephone, settling such mat-

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ters as recruitment and legal advice, but this administrative detail seemed only to heighten our enthusiasm for the main job ahead.

Finally, on August 7, I boarded the plane for Jackson, Miss., assigned to the post of field coordinator for a period of two weeks. During the flight I met Dr. David Spain, the noted New York pathologist, who was going South to observe the autopsied bodies of the three civil rights workers, Schwerner, Chaney and Goodman.

Even while deep in conversation with this fascinating man, I began to grow fearful. I visualized a hostile reception at the airport, for I am a Negro and Dr. Spain is white. My anxiety increased when the stewardess announced that, due to mechanical difficulties, we would be detained in Birmingham, Ala. We were now scheduled to land in Jackson at 10:30 P.M., and it is particularly hazardous for an integrated group to travel after dark.

Dr. Spain and I registered at a newly integrated motel. Our arrival was observed with hostile glances, and we heard angry epithets. We had been prepared for this reception, and it did not change our respective plans; but neither did it do much to ease my mind.

Until early morning, we conferred with Dr. Charles Goodrich, a friend and colleague from New York, on the problems he was having to secure permission to see the bodies of the three murdered young men. Later that day, as the vocal attack increased, I decided that the situation was becoming dangerous and I moved the Negro members of the medical teams from the motel to homes in the community.

This was my first trip to the Magnolia State. I was struck by the physical beauty of the rolling, green countryside, the vast cotton plantations, varied by rotating crops of soybeans, and the ever blue sky. This physical loveliness makes more incredible the brutality which the state imposes on the mass of its impoverished people.

I was fortunate to be given lodgings by one of the Negro ministers of the community. He and his family were warmly hospitable, and it was obvious that they, like others in the area, were determined to assist the movement wherever and whenever they could. Much honor should be paid to the families who temporarily housed us. Without their courageous assistance we would have been unable to organize and develop our program as rapidly as we did. Many of our hosts have since been subjected to harassment and intimidation, but they continue to assist whenever needed.

After much conferring with local and state authorities, we were granted permission to view the bodies of Schwerner, Chaney and Goodman. Our integrated team drove to the University of Mississippi, dreading the mission, and worried as to how we would be received. This was one of many times when I suspected that we were being followed, and wondered what our fate would be if the authorities decided to prevent us from reaching our destination.

I cannot speak in detail of the actual examination, which was conducted by Dr. Spain, for the sight of those dreadfully mutilated young bodies put me in a state of emotional shock. It was at this moment, though, that I resolved finally to dedicate myself to active participation in the Medical Committee for Human Rights.

The following morning, which was Sunday, I completed the orientation program for the medical teams at MCHR's office in Jackson. They were all eager to reach their posts and begin work. Each team was made up of a doctor, a nurse and a driver.

Sunday evening I was asked to discuss MCHR's origin and program at Tougaloo College with newly arrived voter registration volunteers. Most of these people had been unaware of our existence, and they were extremely interested to know how we would participate in the health programs that they hoped to set up in the various communities. They asked about immunization, nutrition, eyesight and dental problems, prenatal and postpartum care, communicable diseases and child care. No one doubted the need for health education in the state.

The following week I had many such conferences with groups of volunteers, and learned from them more details of the health needs in the areas where they were setting up programs. I also made daily visits to the COFO office, to be sure that the volunteers knew of our medical presence and to answer questions about their own health needs. For those in need of specific medical attention, I enlisted physicians from within the community to participate in MCHR's program, since we are not licensed to practice medicine in Mississippi.

I was able to establish good relations with the doctors in Jackson, both white and Negro. Most of them were glad to have our objectives clarified; they agreed that the group was necessary and offered to cooperate. The assistance of the National Council of Churches was also invaluable. This group had wide experience of social conditions in Mississippi, and it gave expert advice as we began to put individual health programs into operation.

We decided that a scheme of health insurance should be worked out for the civil rights workers. Most of the summer volunteers lived on extremely small budgets, and so that no one would hesitate to seek care when he needed it, we sometimes assumed payment of medical bills incurred in Mississippi. It was also obvious that most of the volunteers had been under great emotional tension and needed rest from active duty with a change of environment. We therefore took immediate steps to get a recreation program under way.

There is great need for health education in Mississippi, with emphasis on prenatal care, for the infant-mortality rate is very high. Most Negro infants are still delivered by midwives, and in many instances the mother has no one in attendance.

Since a socio-economic change is inevitable, I believe that a sound health program should be instituted for all of the impoverished citizens of the state of Mississippi. But until the obstacles are abolished that would prevent Negroes from participation in such a program, MCHR has a big role to play in the so-called Black Belt.

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Notes on Burroughs

Marshall McLuhan

1. Today men's nerves surround us; they have gone outside as electrical environment. The human nervous system itself can be reprogramed biologically as readily as any radio network can alter its fare. Burroughs has dedicated *Naked Lunch* to the first proposition, and *Nova Express* (both Grove Press) to the second. *Naked Lunch* records private strategies of culture in the electric age. *Nova Express* indicates some of the "corporate" responses and adventures of the Subliminal Kid who is living in a universe which seems to be someone else's insides. Both books are a kind of engineer's report of the terrain hazards and mandatory processes which exist in the new electric environment.

2. Burroughs uses what he calls "Brion Gysin's cut-up method which I call the fold-in method." To read the daily newspaper in its entirety is to encounter the method in all its purity. Similarly, an evening watching television programs is an experience in a corporate form — an endless succession of impressions and snatches of narrative. Burroughs is unique only in that he is attempting to reproduce in prose what we accommodate every day as a commonplace aspect of life in the electric age. If the corporate life is to be rendered on paper, the method of discontinuous non-story must be employed.

3. That man provides the sexual organs of the technological world seems obvious enough to Burroughs, and such is the stage (or "biological theatre" as he calls it in *Nova Express*) for the series of social orgasms brought about by the evolutionary mutations of man and society. The logic, physical and emotional, of a world in which we have made our environment out of our own nervous systems, Burroughs follows everywhere to the peripheral orgasm of the cosmos.

Marshall McLuhan is the director of the Center for Culture and Technology at the University of Toronto. He is the author of The Gutenberg Galaxy (*University of Toronto Press*) *and* Understanding Media (*McGraw-Hill*).

4. Each technological extension involves an act of collective cannibalism. The previous environment with all its private and social values, is swallowed by the new environment and reprocessed for whatever values are digestible. Thus, Nature was succeeded by the mechanical environment and became what we call the "content" of the new industrial environment. That is, Nature became a vessel of aesthetic and spiritual values. Again and again the old environment is upgraded into an art form while the new conditions are regarded as corrupt and degrading. Artists, being experts in sensory awareness, tend to concentrate on the environmental as the challenging and dangerous situation. That is why they may seem to be "ahead of their time." Actually, they alone have the resources and temerity to live in immediate contact with the environment of their age. More timid people prefer to accept the content, the previous environment's values, as the continuing reality of their time. Our natural bias is to accept the new gimmick (automation, say) as a thing that can be accommodated in the old ethical order.

5. During the process of digestion of the old environment, man finds it expedient to anesthetize himself as much as possible. He pays as little attention to the action of the environment as the patient heeds the surgeon's scalpel. The gulping or swallowing of Nature by the machine was attended by a complete change of the ground rules of both the sensory ratios of the individual nervous system and the patterns of the social order as well. Today, when the environment has become the extension of the entire mesh of the nervous system, anesthesia numbs our bodies into hydraulic jacks.

6. Burroughs disdains the hallucinatory drugs as providing mere "content," the fantasies, dreams that money can buy. Junk (heroin) is needed to turn the human body itself into an environment that includes the universe. The central theme of *Naked Lunch* is the strategy of by-passing the new electric environment by becoming an environment oneself. The moment one achieves this environmental state all things and people are submitted to you to be processed. Whether a man takes the road of junk or the road of art, the entire world must submit to his processing. The world becomes his "content." He programs the sensory order.

7. For artists and philosophers, when a technology is new it yields Utopias. Such is Plato's *Republic* in the 5th century B. C., when phonetic writing was being established. Similarly, More's *Utopia* is written in the 16th century when the printed book had just become established. When electric technology was new and speculative, *Alice in Wonderland* came as a kind of non-Euclidean space-time Utopia, a grown-up version of which is the *Illuminations* of Rimbaud. Like Lewis Carroll, Rimbaud accepts each object as a world and the world as an object. He makes a complete break with the established procedure of putting things *into* time or space:

> *That's she, the little girl behind the rose bushes, and she's dead. The young mother, also dead, is coming down the steps. The cousin's carriage crunches the sand. The small brother (he's in India!) over there in the field of pinks, in front of the sunset. The old men they've buried upright in the wall covered with gilly-flowers.*

But when the full consequences of each new technology have been manifested in new psychic and social forms, then the anti-Utopias appear. *Naked Lunch* can be viewed as the anti-Utopia of *Illuminations*:

> *During withdrawal the addict is acutely aware of his surroundings. Sense impressions are sharpened to the point of hallucination. Familiar objects seem to stir with a writhing furtive life. The addict is subject to a barrage of sensations external and visceral.*

Or, to give a concrete example from the symbolist landscape of *Nova Express*:

> *A guard in a uniform of human skin, black buck jacket with carious yellow teeth buttons, an elastic pullover skirt in burnished Indian copper . . . sandals from calloused foot soles of young Malayan farmer . . .*

The key to symbolist perception is in yielding the permission to objects to resonate with their *own* time and

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space. Conventional pictorial and literary perception seeks to put diverse objects into the *same* time and space. Time and space themselves are subjected to the uniform and continuous visual processing that provides us with the "connected and rational" world that is in fact only an isolated fragment of reality—the visual. There is no uniform and continuous character in the non-visual modalities of space and time. The symbolists freed themselves from visual conditions into the visionary world of the iconic and the auditory. Their art, to the visually oriented and literary man, seems haunted, magical and often incomprehensible. It is, in John Ruskin's words

> *. . . the expression, in a moment, by a series of symbols thrown together in bold and fearless connections, of truths which it would have taken a long time to express in any verbal way, and of which the connection is left for the beholder to work out for himself; the gaps, left or overleaped by the haste of the imagination, forming the grotesque character* (Modern Painters).

The art of the interval, rather than the art of the connection, is not only medieval but Oriental; above all, it is the art mode of instant electric culture.

8. There are considerable antecedents for the Burroughs attempt to read the language of the biological theatre and the motives of the Subliminal Kid. *Fleurs du Mal* is a vision of the city as the technological extension of man. Baudelaire had once intended to title the book *Les Limbes*. The vision of the city as a physiological and psychic extension of the body he experienced as a nightmare of illness and self-alienation. Wyndham Lewis, in his trilogy *The Human Age*, began with *The Childermass*. Its theme is the massacre of innocents and the rape of entire populations by the popular media of press and film. Later in *The Human Age* Lewis explores the psychic mutations of man living in "the magnetic city," the instant, electric and angelic (or diabolic) culture. Lewis views the action in a much more inclusive way than Burroughs whose world is a paradigm of a future in which there can be no spectators but only participants. All men are totally involved in the insides of all men. There is no privacy and no private parts. In a world in which we are all ingesting and digesting one another there can be no obscenity or pornography or decency. Such is the law of electric media which stretch the nerves to form a global membrane of enclosure.

9. The Burroughs diagnosis is that we can avoid the inevitable "closure" that accompanies each new technology by regarding our entire gadgetry as *junk*. Man has hopped himself up by a long series of technological fixes:

> *You are dogs on all tape. The entire planet is being developed into terminal identity and complete surrender.*

We can forego the entire legacy of Cain (the inventor of gadgets) by applying the same formula that works for *junk* —"apomorphine" extended to all technology:

> *Apomorphine is no word and no image. . . . It is simply a question of putting through an innoculation program in the very limited time that remains—Word begets image and image is virus. . . .*

Burroughs is arguing that the power of the image to beget image, and of technology to reproduce itself via human intervention, is utterly in excess of our power to control the psychic and social consequences:

> *Shut the whole thing right off.* Silence—*when you answer the machine you provide it with more recordings to be played back to your "enemies." Keep the whole nova machine running—the Chinese character for "enemy" means to be similar to or to answer—Don't answer the machine—Shut it off—*

Merely to be in the presence of any machine, or replica of our body or faculties, is to close with it. Our sensory ratios shift at once with each encounter with any fragmented extension of our

Present

The stranded gulch
below Grand Central
the gentle purr of cab tires in snow
and hidden stars
tears on the windshield
torn inexorably away in whining motion
and the dark thoughts which surround neon

in Union Square I see you for a moment
red green yellow searchlights cutting through
falling flakes, head bent to the wind
wet and frowning, melancholy, trying

I know perfectly well where you walk to
and that we'll meet in even greater darkness
later and will be warm
so our cross
of paths will not be just muddy footprints
in the morning
not like celestial bodies'
yearly passes, nothing pushes us away
from each other
even now I can lean
forward across the square and see
your surprised grey look become greener
as I wipe the city's moisture from
your face
and you shake the snow
off onto my shoulder, light as a breath
where the quarrels and vices of
estranged companions weighed so bitterly
and accidentally
before, I saw you on
the floor of my life walking slowly
that time in summer rain stranger and
nearer
to become a way of feeling
that is not painful casual or diffuse
and seems to explore some peculiar insight
of the heavens for its favorite bodies
in the mixed-up air

Frank O'Hara

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being. This is a non-stop express of innovation that cannot be endured indefinitely:

We are just dust falls from demagnetized patterns—Show business.

It is the medium that is the message because the medium creates an environment that is as indelible as it is lethal. To end the proliferation of lethal new environmental expression, Burroughs urges a huge collective act of restraint as well as a non-closure of sensory modes—"The biological theater of the body can bear a good deal of new program notes."

10. *Finnegans Wake* provides the closest literary precedent to Burroughs' work. From beginning to end it is occupied with the theme of "the extensions" of man—weaponry, clothing, languages, number, money and media *in toto*. Joyce works out in detail the sensory shifts involved in each extension of man, and concludes with the resounding boast:

The keys to. Given!

Like Burroughs, Joyce was sure he had worked out the formula for total cultural understanding and control. The idea of art as total programing for the environment is tribal, mental, Egyptian. It is, also, an idea of art to which electric technology leads quite strongly. We live science fiction. The bomb is our environment. The bomb is of higher learning all compact, the extension division of the university. The university has become a global environment. The university now contains the commercial world, as well as the military and government establishments. To reprogram the cultures of the globe becomes as natural an undertaking as curriculum revision in a university. Since new media are new environments that reprocess psyche and society in successive ways, why not bypass instruction in fragmented subjects meant for fragmented sections of the society and reprogram the environment itself? Such is Burroughs' vision.

11. It is amusing to read reviews of Burroughs that try to classify his books as non-books or as failed science fiction. It is a little like trying to criticize the sartorial and verbal manifestations of a man who is knocking on the door to explain that flames are leaping from the roof of our home. Burroughs is not asking merit marks as a writer; he is trying to point to the shut-on button of an active and lethal environmental process.

December 28, 1964

Art Books of 1964: Part III

Lincoln Kirstein

Since the efficient staffs of the New York dailies and weeklies have already supplied their allotted, and limited, words on most of the art books advertised in their pages (and the omnibus reviews, particularly in the *Saturday Review* and the *Herald Tribune* have been unusually inclusive), the chief service *The Nation* can offer is to notice fairly unusual books, make a few nasty cracks, and praise the truly wonderful work of museum staffs in and out of New York City.

ARCHITECTURE

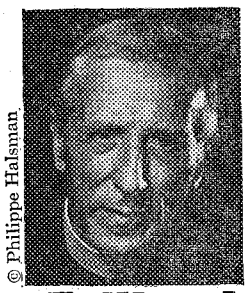
World Architecture: A Pictorial History, with a brief and extraordinarily cogent introduction by our most erudite, courageous and Olympian architectural historian, Henry-Russell Hitchcock, is the book of the year, and of many years to come, for the layman who wishes to compare excellent two-color plans with photographic views of great buildings on the site, in the round and in relation to the social and economic conditions which made their patronage and construction possible (good color and first-rate black and white). The editor, Trewine Copplestone, has done his work with breadth, dignity and enjoyment, and his Veronese printers, the famous house of Mondadori, paid full honor to his labors. At $17.95, this book tells an amateur of architecture (monumental building, not shelter) the basic story, and propels him on to more specialist studies.

Perhaps the most surprising architecture book of the year is *The Chapel of the Cardinal of Portugal*. Three great poet-scholars, Drs. Frederick Hartt, Gino Corti and the photographer and art historian Clarence Kennedy of Smith College have produced a capital work on a building erected (1434-1459) at San Miniato, Florence.

The Cardinal, cousin of the king and only 25 when he died, left in his will the desire for a tomb, by no means grandiose, but which in its achievement should employ harmoniously the finest architects, painters, ceramicists and sculptors of his epoch. This request gave him an almost accidental immortality by the glory which his death called into being. Rossellino's strong and elegant architecture, Baldovinetti's painted Annunciation, the altarpiece by Antonio and Piero Pollaiuolo (a good copy remains in the Chapel; the original is housed elsewhere for safety), the marvelous Cosmati-work mosaic marble floor by Stefano di Bartolommeo, and the celestial ceiling in fitted polychrome ceramic by Luca della Robbia—all combined into a plan of organic splendor—make this boy-cardinal's tomb a model for makers of monuments.

When the pitiful plan for President Kennedy's tomb was announced, it had been foreseen that no solution could be a happy one; John Carl Warnecke and his associates solved the insoluble by abdicating architecture in favor of landscape gardening. "The eternal flame" was to have sprouted from a suitable piece of sculpture, but even this touch of fantasy was abandoned, since no one of sufficient prestige (or indeed of power) could be agreed upon to make a source for the flame that would be better than nothing. A backstop marble wall makes a feeble focus. Kennedy will lie in the vacuum of a mystery, which his idolators will replenish.

Jaime of Portugal, prince of the church, cousin to a king, left detailed documents (which fill a third of this book) to show how practically the fact of the Kingdom of God can be embodied by His greatest servants (in the arts) on His earth. This memorial to an obscure young man demonstrates the unlimited power of man's handi-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craft in the service of an earthly perfection and a heavenly hope. Kennedy—born into the same tradition of belief, but at the liberal unraveling of it rather than at its fullest flowering—is condemned to lie on a blank hillside with neat walks.

Dr. Clarence Kennedy's photographs are the result of a lifetime of devotion to the craft of the Renaissance stonecutter. Dr. Frederick Hartt's masterful presentation and the superb documentation by Prof. Gino Corti make this an important cautionary, exemplary and beautiful study.

Only a little less beautiful is the superb study of the British sculptor in wood, Grinling Gibbons. Perhaps this book should be included under "crafts," but anyone who looks with care at the magnificent staircase from Cassiobury House, installed in the Metropolitan Museum, will recognize Gibbons' spiritual kinship as wood carver and architect to the Florentines of two centuries earlier. David Green's absolutely first-class *Grinling Gibbons: His Work As Carver and Statuary* replaces the splendid but old-fashioned Country Life monograph by H. Avray Tipping (1914). Grinling Gibbons' honey-colored miracles in soft pine show what we have lost in digital mastery; how poor we are to be satisfied by the hunks of junk that are becoming mandatory as amends for the boredom of semi-monumental office buildings.

Twentieth-Century Engineering, the inexpensive catalogue of the stupendous exhibition (installed by Wilder Green) to inaugurate the enlarged Museum of Modern Art, is an excellent permanent record of a demonstration in what our century does best. Engineering, in choices shown here (reduced, naturally; in the exhibition the blow-ups knocked your eyes out), is our monument. Lacking a Charles Follen McKim, a Richardson or a Stanford White, we still have Philip Johnson, to design the space for this great display of monumental engineering. The area was transformed a month later (also by Wilder Green) into a garden-court as the perfect frame for the bouquets of Bonnard (so well described by *The Nation's* art critic in the issue of October 26), for which the museum also provides an excellent catalogue (see below).

The Chicago School of Architecture is a specialist's history which brings the subject down to the present by presenting Mies van der Rohe and Gordon Bunshaft as the logical heirs of the prairie pioneers Adler, Sullivan, Burnham, Root and Jenney. William Le Baron Jenney, an innovator in both design and engineering, but less well known than the others, at least in the East, is shown in his considerable importance. What is most remarkable about the Chicago School, compared to equivalent work on the Atlantic seaboard, is the absence, on the one hand, of Beaux Arts heaviness, symmetricality and exhausted ornament; and, on the other, of a conceptual license that ignores previous concepts of taste and structure. Chicago turned astonishingly early to curtain walls, universal fenestration and radical building methods; but it sustained an interest in ornament that was enriching, tireless and beautiful. An example is the unfamiliar "Rookery" by Burnham and Root (1885-6) with its fantastic dome and light court; shown only a photograph, one might think it dated from twenty years later. The placement of large theatres inside several office buildings is a most valuable precedent that the present largely ignores. The photographs in this book are serviceable, the text fluent; it is cheap for its wealth of material.

Fare Thee Well is a paste-up album of historic American hotels, so charmingly presented and full of such fascinating pictures, combined with anecdotal social history, that it completely disarms one, in spite of a certain amateur archness. Those who remember the old Murray Hill, the Waldorf on the site of the Empire State Building, or Saratoga Springs before its desolation, will find here some of the richness, ingenuity, splendor and heroic scale of 19th-century dining in public.

World Architecture: A Pictorial History. Edited by Trewine Copplestone. Introduction by Henry-Russell Hitchcock. McGraw-Hill. $17.95.

The Chapel of the Cardinal of Portugal. By Frederick Hartt, Gino Corti, Clarence Kennedy. University of Pennsylvania Press. $25.

Grinling Gibbons: His Work as Carver and Statuary. By David Green. Country Life, Ltd. Distributed by Taplinger. 207 pp. $30.

Twentieth Century Engineering. Selected by Arthur Drexler. Museum of Modern Art. 96 pp. $2.50 paper.

The Chicago School of Architecture: A History of Commercial and Public Building in the Chicago Area, 1875-1925. By Carl W. Condit. University of Chicago Press. 238 pp., 196 illus. $8.50.

Fare Thee Well: A Backward Look at Two Centuries of Historic American Hostelries, Fashionable Spas & Seaside Resorts. By Leslie Dorsey and Janice Devine. Crown. 328 pp., 321 illus. $10.

American Architecture. Text by Thomas H. Creighton. Illustrated by Paul Spreiregen. Robert B. Luce. $1.95.

American Crafts and Folk Arts. By Erwin O. Christensen. Robert B. Luce. 90 pp. $1.95.

Athens, City of the Gods. By Angelo Procopiou. Stein & Day. 246 pp. $15.

Greek Athletes and Athletics. By H. A. Harris. Hutchinson. Distributed by British Book Center. 32 pp. 35s.

Early Greek Armour and Weapons. By Anthony Snodgrass. University of Edinburgh Press. $12.50.

Roman Art and Architecture. By Sir Mortimer Wheeler. Praeger. $7.50.

Michelangelo, the Painter. By Valerio Mariani. Arti Grafiche Ricordi (Milano). 524 pp. $110.

The Art and Thought of Michelangelo. By Charles de Tolnay. Pantheon Books. 144 pp. $7.95.

The Berenson Collection. Published under the auspices of the Italian Commission for UNESCO and the National Commission for UNESCO of the United States of America. 452 pp. $100.

Francis Bacon. Introduction by John Rothenstein. *Catalogue raisonné* and documentation by Ronald Alley. The Viking Press. 292 pp. $25.

Jacob Epstein, Sculptor. By Richard Buckle. Faber. 5 guineas.

Epstein Drawings. Introduction by Richard Buckle. Faber. 50s.

Lautrec by Lautrec. By P. Huisman and M. G. Dortu. The Viking Press. 275 pp. $30.

Bonnard And His Environment. Texts by James Thrall Soby, James Elliott and Monroe Wheeler. The Museum of Modern Art in collaboration with the Los Angeles County Museum of Art and the Art Institute of Chicago. Distributed by Doubleday. 116 pp. $7.50 cloth, $2.95 paper.

Hosteen Klah: Navaho Medicine Man and Sand Painter. By Franc Johnson Newcomb. University of Oklahoma Press. 227 pp. $5.95.

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There is a most interesting digression to cover a first-class French hotel in a small Rocky Mountain mining village. The book is well printed in burnt orange and black and the fussiness of the typography is somehow appropriate to the neo-Baroque period of American hotel architecture.

American Architecture is an inexpensive, well illustrated (by Paul Spreiregen) volume in "The America Today Series," which, with Erwin O. Christensen's excellent *American Crafts and Folk Arts*, cheerfully inaugurates a new publishing venture from the unlikely site of Washington, D.C. Creighton is an excellent architect (in Warnecke Associates); for an interested amateur there is no better introduction to American building design, principally of the last fifty years, but giving full honors to the 19th century.

Athens, City of the Gods (from prehistory to 338 B. C.) by Angelo Procopiou, is a pleasant if rather perfunctory compilation; it is not worth $15. It has good black-and-white photographs by Edwin Smith, but the color plates, which could be interesting since the whole question of Greek polychromy is so tantalizing, share the general disease of kodachrome backgrounds; the colors, against which the objects are photographed, are more important than even the shape, not to say the palette, of the objects themselves. Incidentally, there are two excellent books on Greece that either are or will be available here: *Greek Athletes and Athletics* by H. A. Harris, with an introduction by the Marquess of Exeter, chairman of the British Olympic Association (Hutchinson, London, but obtainable through the British Book Center), and *Early Greek Armour and Weapons* by Anthony Snodgrass, published superbly by the University of Edinburgh Press. If you would understand Greek sculpture and its importance to the Parthenon, and to later Greek and Roman architecture (down to our own Beaux Arts), these are two basic and unusual books. *Roman Art and Architecture* by Sir Mortimer Wheeler, an excellent addition to the Praeger World of Art Series, is a fairly inexpensive but very comprehensive, well-constructed, illustrated and presented brief history.

INDIVIDUAL ARTISTS

Now we come to the big guns, and they are *big. Michelangelo, the Painter* by Valerio Mariani weighs (on my scales) 11 pounds and is priced at $110. Apart from the fact that the color plates are poor, the paper too thick, the material available in many cheaper and better forms (notably Phaidon), the sheer massive insolence of the product is boring. On the other hand, *The Art and Thought of Michelangelo* is a book worth having. In 1948, Charles de Tolnay, probably the greatest living authority on Michelangelo, gave these four lectures at the Collège de France; they distill a lifetime of thought about Michelangelo's political opinions, his so-called philosophy (if there was a coherent system), his religious attitude, and his artistic convictions. Within very small compass he presents an enormous amount of information, not merely as generalized conclusion but with each statement supported by contemporary documents or references to late Medieval and Renaissance thinkers and writers. There is a certain (contemporary) orthodox Catholic cast to the discussion of the late works which, while it is not disturbing in context, nevertheless somewhat removes the tone from absolute objectivity into the realm of faint polemic. It is a most interesting book, somewhat marred by rather mingy plates, lack of an index, and an inconsistent policy regarding the translation of original Italian excerpts. Also, the personality of Michelangelo does not emerge. Granted that the book is specifically about his art and thought, nevertheless, politics, philosophy, religion and art could have formed a kind of negative mold within which the man would have appeared.

The Berenson Collection came to this reviewer with a letter from the press agent of the Kimberly-Dorman Corporation which manipulates the gross tonnage of the massive gift crushers from Arti Grafiche Ricordi (Milano), requesting that the book be returned because of its "valuable quality." It weighs 10¾ pounds, several ounces shy of *Michelangelo*, and is therefore modestly priced at $100. Whether you think Bernard Berenson was the Sage or the Spider of Settignano, his collection contained a very few good Italian pictures, and a great many which were of custodial interest. His "I Tatti" was a pleasant large house with a good art historian's library; good, not great. It should have been merged with the German Institute in Florence, or given to the American Academy in Rome, which lacks enough books to service the scholars who work out from this valuable center. Instead, he deeded his self-made

They deserve more than sympathy

The Spanish Republicans were among the first victims of fascism. They had the dual misfortune to lose the Civil War and be forgotten by so many who were in their debt.

Today in France there are 10,000 Spanish refugees who live (or shall we say, exist) in bleak poverty, many on old age pensions of $23 a month. Home in Spain is barred to them.

Let us not forget them at Christmas. Brighten their existence with your remembrance. They need and deserve your friendship.

SPANISH REFUGEE AID, headed by *Pablo Casals* and *Salvador de Madariaga*, is a non-profit organization that has been helping Spanish Republicans for 12 years. Your Christmas contribution can mean an order of coal, a warm coat, medical supplies, dental care. $25 will help one old person live through the hard winter. Or you can "adopt" a Spaniard and send him monthly aid. $10 a month means a lot.

"CONSCIENCE... ITS IMPORTANCE IS ETERNAL." *Pablo Casals*

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shrine to Harvard, with insufficient funds to maintain it, and Harvard, not daring to risk the loss of prestige in refusing so churlish a gift, unwisely took it on. The chorus of apotropaic females who canonized Berenson toward the end of his life, will doubtless be made happy by this obese book, with poor reproductions and bad imitation gold, which is, nevertheless, fascinating enough as an X-ray view of the taste of this golden toad who fed off a single period of art and so magicked the taste of three generations of art historians that many American and English galleries are still paying the price. Berenson never fooled the French.

Francis Bacon, published by Viking (Studio), is a *catalogue raisonné*, with an extended "appreciation" by Ronald Alley. Bacon is a powerful artist, but as with many others whose energy goes into the development of a highly idiosyncratic style, the product tends to shrink both in shock and quality. There are two books on Jacob Epstein, the American-born Anglo-Jewish sculptor, for whom equally extravagent claims were once made. Both books are edited by Richard Buckle, the most enthusiastic, efficient, amusing and responsible of the British autodidact art historians. His massive *Jacob Epstein, Sculptor*, literally shows everything good and bad, with some fairly naive judgments. His *Epstein Drawings* is far less expensive and contains some surprisingly touching, delicate and beautiful drawings by a sculptor whom one might admire even less than Rodin as a draftsman, such being the cragginess of his modeling and the great slabs of stonecutting. His illustrations to Whitman's "Calamus" poems (1901), the many exquisite pencil drawings between 1906 and 1928, give a wholly new insight into a man possessed of incredible energy, not so much to think, it seemed, as to cut and model.

Lautrec by Lautrec costs $30 and is worth every cent of it. If you believe as I do that Lautrec was an artist greater than van Gogh, or Manet or even Degas—the greatest draftsman and one of the greatest painters France ever gave us—there is little to do but feast yourself on the documents of this humane aristocrat whose education, breeding and misfortune place him on the level of Balzac and Baudelaire. The monograph on Bonnard issued in connection with the recent triumphant exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art is a miraculous bargain. The nearly 50 plates in color, printed not in Switzerland or Holland, but in Rochester, N.Y., the price in soft covers at $2.95, the beautiful production by Monroe Wheeler of the whole *oeuvre* of a supreme colorist at the lowest possible cost is a a triumph of service to the public.

Although the space at my disposal is limited, I cannot refrain from mentioning one last unusual book, *Hosteen Klah: Navaho Medicine Man and Sand Painter*. This is a most touching, well-written and fascinating study of a powerful, wise and gifted artist-priest, who was observed over a long period by the wife of an Indian trader. Hosteen Klah (the Left-Handed), at the age of 70, was probably the most vocative and intelligent, if not the last surviving repository of a great Indian tradition of physical therapy through art: the creation of sand pictures, accompanied by spiritual exercises. With great dignity, sensitivity and good sense, Mrs. Newcomb tells the long story of the left-handed mage, and not the least part of it is the extraordinary friendship of the white intruder with the red natives. Beautifully presented and inexpensive, this book is highly recommended.

Early in 1965, Mr. Kirstein will report on the work being done by the great American museums and libraries in publishing bulletins, special monographs, calendars and other inexpensive but important art books.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

MAN AND SUPERMAN
TWO NEW PINTER PLAYS
SLOW DANCE ON THE KILLING GROUND

In one way or another Shaw has always been misunderstood. Either he is taken too seriously (that is, literally) or not seriously enough. In 1903, when *Man and Superman* was first published, Max Beerbohm said of it: "This peculiar article is, of course, not a play at all. It is 'as good as a play' . . . but a play it is not." Two years later Beerbohm remarked, "When *Man and Superman* was published I called it 'Mr. Shaw's Dialogues' and said that . . . it would be quite unsuited to any stage. When I saw it performed, I determined that I would not be caught tripping again. I found that as a piece of theatrical construction it was perfect."

So it goes: critics and aestheticians are forever setting up categories only to have us find that they do not correspond to the reality of creation. Shaw thought he was an English Ibsen. Most of his plays are fairy tales, super-real parables, earnest jests sometimes very close to comic opera.

Man and Superman is supposed to be Shaw's *Don Juan*. He tells us he named his hero John Tanner to remind us of Don Juan Tenorio, and the chauffeur Straker is his Leporello. Nonsense. Tanner is G.B.S. himself, brimming over with moral passion, a Puritan of inextinguishable good humor and wit, a bit of a mystic, earthbound by common sense, in whom reason is a foil with which to combat rationalism.

John Tanner reveals Shaw's almost total asexuality. The Irish tend to be skittish about sex, but in Shaw the roots of his "theatre without kisses" go deeper than that; they must be sought in the total composition of his personality. It is none the less true that *Man and Superman* says many shrewd things about women in our society and about the relations between "the artist man and the mother woman."

I repeat: Shaw never wrote a realistic play in his life, not even when he tried to in *Widowers' Houses* and *Mrs. Warren's Profession*. That is one reason why so many critics thought he was not writing plays or creating characters. But he did write eminently theatrical plays and did create characters. The plays were tall tales, the characters exemplary images just as certainly as Cinderella, the Bad Wolf, Punch and Judy are characters. But Shaw's *personae* lack what is commonly called "psychology."

Shaw's plays and characters are animated by his twinkling — sometimes almost childlike — playfulness, his spry intelligence, his unabating purposefulness. Many of his heresies are now commonplace, but his exuberant spirit, his honest heart, his gift for expression—almost operatic, with one virtuoso aria following another—make his plays dance with a vitality so joyous as to make most others seem plodding.

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Shaw is full of delightful blarney—one is not always sure that what he is saying makes good sense and one hardly cares — and his dialogue is sometimes nothing more than a remarkable rattle. His gay science and waggishness, his torrential garrulity, in short, his particular eloquence are great comedic assets amounting at best to both dramatic action and poetry. They induce a kind of euphoria about which we harbor no suspicion because we are sure that its source is benevolent and its effect salutary.

The A.P.A. production at the Phoenix Theatre, directed by Stephen Porter, is altogether creditable. It includes the famous Don Juan in Hell interlude in which Shaw's prose and gift for debate become superlative. The performance lasts three hours, and except for the interlude's introductory scene (like Gilbert without Sullivan) is rarely tiresome. The sets are abstemiously attractive, and in the main the cast satisfies.

I particularly liked Rosemary Harris who plays Violet, the lady unjustly suspected of improper conduct. She has the right kind of subdued humor and canniness. She speaks beautifully and looks nice. Ellis Raab does well with Tanner; to do the role much better would require some of G.B.S.'s own genius—which we probably have no right to expect from any actor.

The Room and *A Slight Ache*, advertised as the *New Pinter Plays* (Writers' Stage: 83 E. 4 St.), are not new at all. The first—Pinter's earliest piece—was written in 1957, the second was originally televised by B.B.C. in 1959. They make a very interesting evening. In fact I rate *A Slight Ache* as highly as anything Pinter has given us. It is a little masterpiece.

Both plays are "mysteries." Like most of Pinter's work they are sustained by suspense. Technically, they are melodramas, which is an excellent, indeed a classic, formula for playmaking, but I call them "mysteries" because there is something religiously ineffable about them. They speak a strange tongue but the effect is of saying things so fundamental that reducing them to concrete explanation is somehow to deform their relevance.

The Room is the more obscure of the two plays. It is not made to be "understood." It is intended as something to feel. It is all fun, folly and fright. The fun results from the language used by the drab folk huddling in a miserable room in an anonymous lodging house in a nondescript London neighborhood. This room, which should inspire claustrophobia (and pneumonia), is a kind of dank hiding place from the horror of the streets. Pinter is a past master at recording the inanity which marks the small talk of the English poor. Its repetitious monotony and ineptitude make us laugh to begin with and end by making us shiver. This speech is not merely characteristic of a locale or a class; it evokes a moral landscape.

In this landscape monsters appear: some eventually prove themselves harmless; in others the grotesque becomes murderous. They are emblems of the world's stupidity, unhappiness or insane violence. I will not disclose what happens in *The Room*, but if I were pressed I would say that the Room happens!

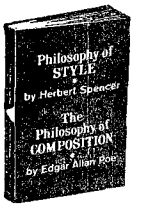
A Slight Ache is much more intelligible. But though it can be recounted as a story, odd but lucid, it is almost as mysterious as the first play. Edward, a middle-class husband, and his wife Flora, notice an old Matchseller who has chosen to post himself outside their house on a quiet country lane, close to a monastery where hardly anyone passes. No one ever buys the old man's matches or gives him alms, yet rain or shine he stands in the same place without a word or a gesture. Edward, suffering from a slight ache in his eyes, is perturbed by the Matchseller's peculiar presence, and insists on calling him into the house for questioning. The man enters, never utters a sound, barely moves except to sit down when he is asked to. This failure to respond to courtesy or to quizzing drives Edward into a frenzy, to breakdown, finally to a confession of abject impotence in everything. Flora receives the Matchseller in more kindly fashion, even feels toward him as a mother, and possibly as a mate. He is dirty, his smell is repellent, but he needs only a good wash and scrub (which she undertakes to give him) after which she will fondly keep him in the house.

Let us say that the Matchseller represents existence itself. It is ugly, it is uncommunicative, it is without clear meaning or specific identity—except that it is there. Edward contemplates it, finds it unsightly, tries to shut it from his mind, becomes fascinated by it, and finally succumbs in helpless awe before it. The actual confrontation with it makes a gibbering idiot of him. The woman, Flora, responds to it with an instinctive embrace: she accommodates herself to it and domesticates it with tenderness.

That is how I saw the play. You may see it quite differently and so may I on another occasion. Pinter may have had other ideas in mind. It doesn't matter. The play entertains, holds and moves us. Its vocabulary has moved upward in the class scale. Edward and Flora are literate folk but what they say is just as conventional and obtuse as the cockney talk in *The Room*. In Pinter, speech is always used as if it were an obstruction to human contact. But the play achieves a sort of poetry, the tension of a slight ache which adumbrates tragedy.

The performances are well directed by Word Baker—particularly in the better of the two plays. The set, too, in this play has been craftily designed by Ed Wittstein—excellent use being made of slight means and limited space. Frances Sternhagen is admirable in both plays, though certainly more authentic in the second. She is one of the many unheralded actresses of quality in which our theatre abounds but rarely employs to their (or our) advantage. Henderson Forsythe as Edward also serves with conviction and address.

In the past I called William Hanley, whose *Slow Dance on the Killing Ground* (Plymouth Theatre) is his first play to reach Broadway, a promising dramatist. He remains so. He



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writes with vigorous fluency and ingratiating literacy. He is moreover thoroughly earnest; he means to say heartfelt things. Yet *Slow Dance* does not convince me. It is factitious, a "made-up" thing. One has only to set down the elements which compose it to understand what I mean.

It takes place in a dusty, bedraggled candy, soda and lunch store on a dark street in Brooklyn. Late one night an oddly dressed Negro boy named Randall bursts into the store in evident fear of some pursuer. Randall's speech alternates between the lingo of a well-read hipster—he claims to have an IQ of 187—and the dignified measures of a lay preacher. The jive talk is a mask the boy puts on to hide the frustration and hurt of his condition.

He is menacing at first—he carries various weapons—but when he realizes that the storekeeper, a German ex-Communist named Glas, is essentially benevolent, Randall shows his true nature. Glas is obviously anxious to be left alone with some dread secret and that makes him as fearful of contact with society as is the boy in his present and apparently perpetual flight. Randall indicates at regular intervals that the streets nowadays are a "killing ground," that there is "a *passion* loose in the world! A passion for the sounds of violence, for the sight of pain! A passion for death and disaster! We're up to the eyeballs in blood. . . ."

While the two men are lashing each other with partial self-revelation and heated aphorisms on the state of the universe, spiced with occasional humorous sallies that leaven their intensity with laughter, a girl suddenly appears with the astonishingly irrelevant question, "Where the hell is the goddamn Brooklyn Bridge?," and promptly faints.

This "chick" as Randall playfully calls her is pregnant from her first encounter with a man, and at the moment on her way to an abortionist. Apart from her lack of caution, Rosie is a bright, wise-crackingly blunt student at New York University with ambitions to become a novelist. She is pure in heart, utterly direct, disabused by city life under straitened circumstances.

Except for Rosie, "mystery" hovers in the atmosphere. When Randall's secret is at last disclosed, we learn that he has murdered his prostitute mother while she was in the act of plying her profession. But his crime is made to seem almost forgivable compared to the German's. So Randall, taking his place atop a high ladder, "sits" as judge in a mock trial over Glas. A gentile, he had been married to a Jewish woman in Germany and they had had a child. When the Jews were being carried off to extermination camps, Glas not only abandoned his wife and child so that he might carry on the fight for the Communist cause, but also served as an engineer on the trains which transported the Jews to their death. Randall and Rosie sorrowfully pronounce him guilty of the crimes for which, after his escape to America, he deeply desires to be condemned.

Each of the three characters in the play is a moralist. Glas, the most mature, pronounces the playwright's conclusion:

> *Don't you see, Rosie, Randall must die now, violently, because of what he is and because of what he has done. And I will* live, *without violence, because of what I am and what I have done. And you, Rosie, you will go to your doctor, up that dark street, and afterwards you will write books maybe . . . about how people should save each other. We choose, Rosie. We choose the dark streets up which we walk. We choose them. And if we are guilty of the denial of life, who is to save us from that but ourselves?*

In other words, we are the authors of our fate. To which Rosie's only response is "Goddamn it!," a sentiment which found thoroughgoing assent in my spirit except that I might have expressed it in one crude syllable.

There are two things patently wrong with the play. It develops entirely on the basis of largely unprovoked confessions. Each of the characters tells us the sad story of his or her life. There is barely a situation or a consequent action which necessitates and determines these confessions. Worse still, what is confessed is as trite as it is "shocking."

Yet these faults are not what is fundamentally amiss. The play does not spring from its author's experience. I do not refer to autobiographical experience, but rather that the play might have been written by anyone with a talent for dialogue, coupled with certain general notions, and a "religious" attitude about our horrid times. There is in it no particular, individual, specifically personal note. Its material and body are not quickened by a special voice or a way of seeing and feeling things which is its author's and his alone. What comes through at best is the will and the faculty to write serious drama.

Slow Dance is well directed by Joseph Anthony; technically speaking it is a "good job," it holds the eye. Clarence Williams as Randall moves interestingly, speaks well and is endowed with an arresting energy. Carolan Daniels makes an engaging Rosie, especially in her comedy; if she is less effective in pathos it is probably because the plot lacks authentic substance. George Rose as the German works manfully and ably at an empty role, less character than utility.

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